

Something About Books and the People Who Wrote Them.

SONG BY AMELIE RIVES.

VIRGINIA'S FAMOUS NOVELIST CONTRIBUTES TO THIS EDITION.

Honors to Father Tabb—High Praise from English Men of Letters—The Contribution of Anne Empe Sheppard.

I.
O, I am like a prisoner new,
Who, with her hands against the wall,
That keeps her from the outer blue,
In fancy, feels the daisies small,
The grasses bright, and white with dew,
The hard, cool buds of lilacs tall,
Pressing to soothe her heart's ache,
The stones that shut her out from love.

II.
O, I am like a nightingale,
That sang upon the bare, mast-tree,
The tempest fies to no avail;
Still she is captive to the sea;
Still must she sing the old, old song,
The rose so red, the storm so drear,
Till, or the above her creep,
She sings her breaking heart to sleep.

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HONORS TO FATHER TABB.
High Praise from English Men of Letters.

A shadowy little volume, faintly gleamed with gold—a few lines thrown quickly at the top of each page—and let a poet in him, most delicate, spiritual, finished!

Already this subtle perfume has penetrated across the Atlantic to the London world of letters, and the great Spectator calls attention to the fineness of touch attained by "A delicate American poet of modern Boston, whom Mr. John Lane has just introduced to the English public," while at the same time pointing out his singular divergence from all other poetic expression in New England. "But in this new poet, while we see the effort to stamp an individual thought on each poem in its strength, there is combined with that effort a delicacy of shading which shows the growing richness of the inner life of New England society with singular force."

Let Virginia make haste to claim her son-nurtured on the same soil; fed on half-fantasies under the same skies, that have already dowered the world with names not easily new to us, but his muse, always meditative, often mystical, has never before given forth such strains of rounded, complete melody. The advance throughout, in form, in grasp, in color, suggestion, grace, within the easy flow of four short lines. The wondrous life-giving of death, he has wrought late the worth of a single stanza—a stone's throw away.

"Strong as the sea, and silent as the grave,
It ebbs and flows unseen;
Flooding the earth—a fragrant tidal-wave
With mist of deepening green."
Here it would seem Mr. Tabb has reached the highest point of his individual and sensitive genius. Neither laureate, nor any other master of classic diction, has given so much of feeling, thought, color, suggestion, grace, within the easy flow of four short lines. The wondrous life-giving of death, he has wrought late the worth of a single stanza—a stone's throw away.

"Lo, Death another poem far doth fling
Into the midmost sea,
To leave of life, an everlasting ring,
Upon Eternity."
Never has the secret of human love been more subtly told than in this After Ego:
"Thou art to me as is the sea,
Unto the shell
A life wherof I breathe, a love
Wherof I dwell."
or dim, elusive tone here so quaintly bodied forth as in "Whisper."

Mr. Tabb's work has been compared to Emily Dickinson's, perhaps because of an occasional touch of the fantastic in the symbolism of each—but the reclusive New England spinster, who painted in the same twilight tones, presentment—as—"that long shadow on the lawn
Indicative that suns go down;
The notice to the startled grass
That darkness is about to pass."
—showed an almost passionate contempt for those artistic fetters which Mr. Tabb wears without sign of restraint. On the one hand, thought, colored by strong emotion, is set down in bold, almost bold outline; on the other, as the Spectator is quick to perceive, "the keen outlines are filled up with all the fine shades and delicate colors of a self-conscious and refined sensibility such as the genius of Puritanism knew only to despise."

The same critical authority quotes, as an example of treatment delicate and fragile as the subject, and therefore perfect of its kind, one of the "After Ego" poems and the tiny Playmates Temperament derives taste more in poetry, perhaps, than in any other of the arts.
Appealing to a wider range, the pure emotional, we find other lyrics equally perfect in form—lyrics tender and wistful as that haunting plaint of the kildeer and its mate:
"Kildeer! kildeer! far o'er the sea
At twilight comes the cry,
Kildeer! a marsh-maid answereth
Across the shallow sky.
Kildeer! kildeer! O Memory,
The twin birds Joy and Pain
Lake shadows parted by the sun
At the twilight meet again."
and this "After Ego" December wall:
"Dull sky above, dead leaves below;
And hungry winds that whine and go,
Like faithful hounds upon the track,
Of our beloved that comes not back."
The nameless ghostly regret that creeps in with hurrying winds and snows, is caught in poignant and we find again the thrill of nature and humanity—creation, pleasure, pain, death and resurrection—in this tiny choral call Evolution.
"Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then a spark,
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again."

To say that these poems relating to ecclesiastical dogmas are the least successful, but repeats the experience of all poets, that they do not lend themselves readily to artistic treatment. But nothing in this volume is more harmonious in subject, treatment, and effect, than the sombre beauty of the sonnet, entitled "A Winter Twilight."
Blood-shotten through the bleak, guttured trees,
The sunset o'er a wilderness of snow,
Startles the wolfish winds, that whither grow,
As hunger mocks their howling miseries.
In every skulking shadow Fancy sees,
The menace of an undiscovered foe,
A sudden footstep, tremor, and a shout,
That comes, or into deeper darkness flees.
Nor Day, nor Night, in Time's eternal round,
Whereof the tides are telling, e'er hath passed
This lull-mus-hewn—this dim, mysterious land
That sets their lives asunder where
upset.

Their earliest and their latest waves resound,
As each alternate, nears or leaves the strand."
If "form is but visible tone," this is a low-toned landscape, set to the music of minor, melodious chords.
But withal, Mr. Tabb does not bear the stamp (though a distinguished American critic has declared to the contrary) of a poet of nature. He does not look upon her as an entity, but as a vehicle truth—a pigment where-with to paint the else impracticable. The true lover of the Great Mother studies her first significance—she does not gladden through her to his own. But this cloistered soul looks out, too sensitively to forget her aspects—too self-conscious not to color all from within.

It may be too soon to fix Mr. Tabb's limits, or his place among poets, but his audience must always be small, or ever sympathetic, and much of it will feel a lack of warmth of human blood and fire in his work. No "lyric of widest range" is here, but an exquisite lute, upon which has fallen the "spirit and dew" without the lives of Shelley. The color of thought is akin—the method of expression differs, as would the essence of poetry, as would in a dainty, antique vase, from the note of a symphony. If, as the Spectator believes, the leading characteristic of present century poetry is "delicate discrimination between feelings and effects," then there is no fear for the place of Mr. Tabb's poetry in the place of the century. Delicacy of touch, perception of spiritual significance, and the power of compressing a wide thought into a single perfect pearl of verse, belong to no other poet in such measure as has been meted out to him—artist, musician, poet, and scholar.

ANNIE EMPE SHEPPARD.
Warwick Castle.

A delightful drive from Kentworth, through the little village of Warwick, brings one to the ponderous gates of Warwick Castle. Here we were admitted, and found ourselves between two solid walls of rock, in a cool, fern-covered driveway. On either side, about ten feet above our heads, the rocks were covered with hardy forest trees and undergrowth. We were told that this driveway was hewn out of the solid mountain of rock. After turning a sharp curve, we came suddenly in sight of a beautiful place. It is, though the same age as Kentworth, it is in a perfect state of repair, and is at present the family residence of the Earl of Warwick. Visitors are only admitted during the family's absence. There were numerous elegantly attired officials on hand to conduct us through. The first room entered was the large, banquet hall. It was filled with richly carved and painted furniture, and the walls were covered with tapestries of rare design. The floors of white and gold. One room contained the gorgeously canopied and draped bed of Queen Anne, and also a trunk and handbag of brass cloth, which belonged to the same queen. Every room contained a part of the collection of family portraits—many by noted artists. The windows of the banquet hall, looking out over the river, were only one of the many attractions of the castle. At one end of the stately mansion stands a noble group of the beautiful cedars of Lebanon—a few of the remains of the forest which once grew in the grounds around the castle. A large conservatory contained a mammoth marble vase, presented to one of the Earls of Warwick, while minister to Italy. English gardeners certainly cannot be excelled in their exquisite care of grounds. Those of Warwick were a cleanly-swept, velvet carpet, figured in beautiful designs of gorgeous flowers. With a smiling and long-drawn sigh, we were soon off again, and could but feel that we had been favored with a glimpse of Paradise.

LELIA GORDON CAYCE.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Mrs. Thomas Whitehead, Superintendent, Press, W. C. T. U., State of Virginia.
"Twenty-one years ago," says Frances Willard, "a band of consecrated women went forth to measure with their own steps, the distance between the home and the saloon." They found the distance through which their children had gone to sin and death under their very eyes. Trusting in God and their own motherhood, they began the work, which has become the most beautiful work of the world. It has not been smiled upon by the church, nor the State, but God has held it and helped it. It is non-sectarian, knows no North nor South, and is a religion of the heart, suited to all conditions of men, but it is "States Rights," and every State takes work suited to its needs and its environment.

The first National Convention met in 1853. The Virginia State Union was organized in 1882, in the city of Richmond. The first local union was in Loudoun county. The work has grown steadily, from local centers, but a brighter day is breaking and earnest women see "the fields white," at home, as surely as in heathen lands. Higher education is opening women's eyes to discern the right, as God is pouring out "His Spirit upon your sons and your daughters." "An objection is made to this work, which ought to be noticed. "You are Woman Suffragists," is the bait for many an unquiet conscience. "Two States have full suffrage; and about thirty States and Territories have it in a modified form. As an educator, the National adopted it, Virginia has not taken it up, nor has it been mentioned in any State gathering, not having deemed expedient, not best for the public good. Pure-living and soul-saving has been the aim of the Virginia W. C. T. U. "Inevitable and Rescue Work" has largely engaged the cities, while in the country it has been mostly educational. "Prison Work" and "Flower Mission" have come to the front in Richmond, naturally from the object-lesson of a great prison and two jails within the city limits.

The Young Woman's Branch carries a large number of honorary members, doing also much benevolent work suited to young ladies. What is true of Richmond is true of other parts of the State. Mrs. R. H. Jones, of Norfolk, is State President; Mrs. W. H. Pleasant, Vice-President at large. There are county presidents and superintendents of departments and other officers.

Mrs. A. M. M. Fultz, of Staunton, is Secretary of the Young Woman's Branch. Mrs. W. H. Pleasant, was for several years State president, but was four years ago relieved at her own request. She is physically unable to do active work, but her influence remains, and Richmond follows safely, where she once led. She abounded in good works, and few women are more loved and honored.

Mrs. J. W. Newton, of Staunton, is State organizer. She has just put in four months' work, reports fifty-two unions, with 1,500 members. She is efficient and faithful, devoted and self-sacrificing, caring not for the world's applause, but to serve humanity and glorify God. All ribbon, the badge of the Union, a symbol of "a pure life for one," a life of service for Christ's sake.

Von Ranke's mother was literary and the author of several essays and other works.

THE ART OF PRINTING,

AND HOW THE FIRST NEWSPAPERS WERE PREPARED AND ISSUED.

The Beginning Was in a Most Humble Way, But the Press of To-day Has Grown to be All-Powerful.

"Although documents of much earlier date exist, which show a great deal of the history of the art, the first printed book, analogous to modern printing," the history of this art begins with the first use of movable moulded types and is as we all know, accredited to Gutenberg, aided by the great printer, Faust of Mainz in Germany, in which city appeared the first book with an authenticated date (1465).

By some, Gutenberg's invention is disputed in favor of Coster, a Hollander, who lived in Haarlem, but by the majority the former is considered to deserve the honor.

Although wonderful improvements have been made in the speed of typesetting, the theory of the first printers has not been radically altered.

Indeed, until 1830, the simple screw hand press had undergone little change; since then the progress of printing has been phenomenal, and the sister arts of stereotyping, electrotyping, lithography and typography have rushed to incredible excellence.

There is a picture by Hillenbracher, representing the atelier of Gutenberg, the eager enthusiast with an anxious face is showing his first proof-sheet to John Faust, the money king, who may or may not choose to forward the great enterprise.

Who knows how many anxious workers are awaiting to-day, the touchstone of money to astonish the world with an invention as powerful in its progress as Gutenberg's rude typesetting.

Wanted, the money king, who may or may not choose to forward the great enterprise. It is a suggestive picture.

From my own investigation I think that journalism was born in London, in the script form, of course. Marriages, births and deaths, fires, wars, and new ideas were thus circulated.

Long before the days of newspapers, there were news-letters written and circulated from this great city. These little sheets were usually issued weekly, and the items were collected the writers at the coffee-houses, where the news of the day was so much crisp gossip emanated.

Macaulay tells us in the third chapter of his History of England, "that the first news-letters from London were laid on the table of the only coffee-house in Cambridge."

London, for a long time, claimed the first newspaper. It was the "Daily News," which was first published in 1765, and was a weekly paper, and was a very successful one.

These twenty crude and imperfect publications were the advance guard of the mighty army, which to-day awakes the world; and in almost every case the newspaper was called the gazette, on account of the small Italian title of that name, for which a paper was sold.

When time is ripe for a thing it usually comes.
Progress and not sudden revelation is the order of the universe; and the work and patience of ages has just materialized.

IN THE NEW WORLD.

With the advance of civilization, and the increase of population, America demanded the same elements of necessity and luxury which existed in Europe. "She imported them and paid taxes upon them."

Newspapers flourished abroad; America had them too. So she imported the press, the type, the ink, and the paper, and a newspaper was printed in the New World.

Boston, along with other distinctions, has the honor of issuing the first American newspaper, which was a puny effort, and lived but a day.

In 1760, seventy years after the landing of the Pilgrim fathers and two hundred years after the invention of printing, this Boston newspaper appeared.

freedom of the great dailies of our day. In the State Library and also at the Virginia Historical Society, there is a shabby file of newspapers, which is the remnant of our colonial press, and which receive quite as much attention as their showy offspring.

THE VIRGINIA GAZETTE.
The Virginia Gazette, lying before me now, is a small sheet about twelve by ten inches in size. The leading article is "Religious Thoughts on the Day."

There is a bold poem called—"An epitaph on an unfortunate lady, complaining of the injury done her by a faithless lover." Afterwards a few war notes, some deaths, and the rest advertisements.

The pictorial portion is a chubby little black figure running violently—which illustration is to emphasize the fact that the subscriber wishes to find a run-away negro. Home news is scarce, and the foreigner, before the great, the atrocious fact seems to have been epidemic, and in succeeding numbers of the Virginia Gazette the fifth and interest of the paper hang upon the acoustic or enigma.

It was a busy man, and after he had been turned off about two or three minutes, the executioner bore him down to strangle him, and put him out of his pain the sooner, in doing which the rope broke, and he fell down senseless and motionless. In a short time, however, he recovered his senses, sat up and talked, begged the spectators heartily to pray for him, then got into the cart again, without resistance and was hanged till he was dead.

We hear his body is to be anatomized by the surgeons.

THE DISTRIBUTION.

In the old Virginia almanacs one catches an idea of the slow and tedious journeys which the papers had to travel, and the news they gathered travelled slow also. There, progress was by post-horns by land, or the steamboats and packets on the tortuous rivers.

The route was defined by the General Assembly, which was laid on the post-horn, and the post-horn stage-coach.

The colonial gazettes, scant of news, primitive and faded, are of immense value. The births, marriages, and deaths, wills and inventories, confirm legal points, place the owners of property a hundred years ago, and are of great interest to the student of the past.

Endless lines of genealogies are searched out in these latter days, and eager readers come from all parts of our own country, from America, England, and the continent, when one carrier put down the post-horn stage-coach.

St. Paul's Church Home.
This institution has been in existence since 1872. It was founded by the late Rev. Charles Minnigerode, D.D., the rector of St. Paul's church. First, as a day school for the Home for Children, and then, as a day school for the Home for the aged.

Rev. Charles Minnigerode, Judge E. C. Minor, Mr. Adolphus Blair, Dr. I. H. White, Gen. Joseph R. Anderson, Mr. A. V. Stokes, and Mr. John Dunlop.

It has no endowment, and is governed and supported by a board of ladies exclusively from St. Paul's church. It has also an "Advisory Board" of gentlemen from the church, with the rector as president.

It was the first home of the kind established in Richmond, and occupies a house owned by the institution, 100 West Clay street. One of the rooms on the lower floor has been fitted up as a chapel, where services are held by the rector or his assistant.

The full number cared for is twelve; who, with the matron and three servants, constitute the family.

The affairs of this institution have been ably and energetically managed by its successive boards in the twenty-two years of its existence. They have paid \$3,000 for their house, and kept it in substantial repair during that time, while supporting twelve old ladies who would otherwise have been homeless.

Baptist Home for Aged Women.
This institution, situated on Grove avenue and Harvie street, was established in January, 1883, with Mrs. Dr. J. B. Jeter as president, and a board of managers selected from the Baptist churches of the city. At present the officers are as follows:

Mrs. J. M. Curry, President (who was elected to succeed Mrs. Jeter, who died in 1875). Vice-Presidents—Mrs. N. Wilson, Mrs. W. E. Hatcher, and Mrs. W. W. Landrum; Treasurer, Mrs. R. Adams; Recording Secretary, Mrs. B. B. Van Buren; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. Temple; Matron, Mrs. N. B. Hill. The trustees of the home are: Messrs. T. H. Ellett, Ashton Starke, Robert Powers, A. R. Clarke, R. G. Gwathmey, H. T. Elynn, J. J. Montague, and Dr. H. W. Davis.

VIRGINIA AT ATLANTA.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT AT THE GREAT EXPOSITION.

State Board of Lady Managers Organizing—Colonial Ball—Musical Committee—Booklet of Poetry.

Whoever is curious to understand the beginnings of the Virginia woman's share in the coming World's Fair, at Atlanta, is referred to the Woman's Edition of The Progress, which is to appear in Charlottesville May 25th.

In this article the attempt will be made to give in as concise, yet comprehensive manner as possible, an account of what the Virginia woman workers in this cause have done, are doing, and propose to do.

Since the first meeting of their three leading committees did not occur until May 25, the other work runs only through one brief month, and hence they cannot be expected to have accomplished much.

INTRINSIC WORKS.
One thing may be averred of them, namely, that they have been in contact with any of the members of these committees will have been struck by their enthusiasm, been fired by their ardor and persuaded by their eloquence, that it was the bounden duty of every daughter of Virginia to labor for the proper representation of their revered mother State upon so momentous an occasion.

The words are just as apposite now as when spoken by the wise man of old. "Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth," and there are few more certain ways of accomplishing an end than has in view the good of the people than just the simple medium of fire-side talk between neighbors. One woman tells the other what is ailing her own heart and bursing her brain and fingers; this friend is moved by fellow-feeling to go to work too, and so the impulse is communicated, in an ever enlarging circle, until its circumference reaches the very verge of the district meant to be embraced.

TALK IT UP.
Talk on, ladies, about Virginia's past glory and present needs. Talk fast and to the point, too, on the subject of Atlanta's Exposition, because there is so much to do and so little time in which to accomplish our task.

Consider. We have just three and a half months in which to set up an exhibit of which we all intend to be proud. The first question asked will, of course, be: "Of what is our exhibit to consist?"

The answer is: "Of mementoes of Virginia's past, and everything that lies within the woman's province in any manner of interpretation whatever."

COLONIAL COMMITTEE.
The Colonial Committee desires to collect as many relics of colonial days as possible, but as there will be no Virginia building, but only an allotment of space or spaces in the Woman's Building, it is desirable that these be of fine quality and small size, that is to say such things as are portable. A few portraits of Virginia celebrities are wished, and the older the more they will be prized.

One of King Carter has already been promised by Mrs. Carter, of Shirley. May her patriotic example be followed by many representatives of the same class of families.

Miniatures are considered yet more desirable than portraits. Let Virginia give forth generously of her treasures of this sort.

Let the closeness of the tie linking Georgia and Virginia be remembered; also the fact that the railroads will carry everything destined for the Woman's Building free of charge, and after they are delivered into the hands of a responsible committee, these valuables are to be placed under lock and key, in a fire-proof building, closely guarded night and day.

Everything has been done that human care and foresight can do to ensure generous donors against the loss of an iota of their property.

The expenses that will have to be met the colonial age, according to the judgment of a choice committee.

It is hoped that this project will elicit the sympathies and call into active exercise the cleverness and skill of our young people, and call into active exercise the cleverness and skill of our young people, and call into active exercise the cleverness and skill of our young people.

Here comes in the necessity of our auxiliary board having some funds in hand, wherewith to defray such expenses.

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